



## A Dialogue,

Between Paddy, Taffy, a Scot, and a Jolly Sailor.

**PADDY**, Taffy, a Scot, and a Jack Tar were met,  
With a drop of good fingo their cares to forget,  
They laid hold of a paper, and in it did find,  
That the French to invade us were greatly inclin'd.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

Taffy star'd like a stuck pig, and Paddy, with wonder,  
He swore by St. Patrick, he'd make them knock  
under,

The Scot took his snuff, and his broad-sword did  
draw,

The Tar brandish'd his oak stick, but first took a  
chaw.

**TAFFY SPEAKING.**

Odsputter her-nails! if they come to hur Wales,  
Hur goats and hur goods for to seek,  
Hur the French dogs will seize, and slice them like  
cheese,

And cut them as small as a leek.

Next Paddy he spoke in his country's defence,  
Hibernia, he said, ne'er would join with the French,  
They are loyal and hearty, no one a pretender,  
Drank a health to King George, and down with  
each Defender.

**PADDY SPEAKING.**

O by Jafus! honey, this is a pretty botheration,  
Do you think us Irish boys are frighten'd at an  
invasion?

By the lakes of Kilarney! but we'll give them a warm  
reception,

And convince Old England that an Irishman scorns  
deception.

The Scot nodded applause, said that Paddy was right,  
In defence of his King, and his country to fight,  
If in Scotland they landed, the brave Highland clan,  
With their broad-swords would quickly destroy  
every man.

**SAWNEY SPEAKING.**

There's not a Scot, throughout the land,  
To Berwick upon Tweed,  
But what will take his sword in hand,  
And fight in case of need.

Tom Block heard the Scotchman, then drank to  
the King,

And with three hearty cheers made the publick  
house ring,

Then brandish'd his staff, which was good English  
oak,

Turn'd his quid, took a chaw, and thus Tom  
Block he spoke.

Derry down, &c.

**TOM BLOCK SPEAKING.**

Inva'de us, boys! why sluicé my English blood,  
And send me home with all my timbers wood,  
If I, Tom Block, with half the British fleet,  
Would not those boasting scoundrels soundly beat;  
Aye, d—me! would I, or I'd lose my life,  
And then the King, God ble's him! keeps my wife.  
Confusion to parties of every kind,  
One party there should be, and all of one mind,  
To unite in defence of their country and laws,  
And conquer, or die in so glorious a cause.

Derry down, &c.

Let all parties, however, this maxim pursue,  
If they wrangle and jangle, to England keep true,  
And humble the French till we force them to peace,  
That trade it may flourish, and bloodshed may cease.

Derry down, &c.